



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

very rare

11

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS,

BY

ROBERT BLACKWELL,

of Ten

ON

the 7.

SOME OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, CONFEDERATE
GENERALS, AND VARIOUS OTHER PERSONS
AND THINGS.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE SOUTHERN STATES
CONFEDERATE
GENERALS
AND VARIOUS OTHER PERSONS
AND THINGS

ST. LOUIS:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR AT SOUTHWESTERN BOOK AND PUBLISHING CO.

1869.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1869, by

ROBERT BLACKWELL,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the
Western District of Tennessee.

RECORDED TO VOLUME
217 PAGE 201
1869

INVOCATION.

ADDRESS TO THE SOUTH.

My little book adrift I send,
And ask the South to be my friend;
On her for aid I now depend,
And will until my life shall end.

In her are those from vices free,
And all her scenes are dear to me;
I now reside in Tennessee,
And sing her praise with perfect glee.

Her men they have but errors few—
They love the gray and hate the blue;
Her clime is mild, her sons are true,
Her daughters learn'd and handsome, too.

It was the South that gave me birth,
The richest, dearest spot on earth;
I hear within her songs of mirth,
And do adore her sterling worth.

For three long years I fought for her,
With General Lee, a man most dear;
Was wounded thrice, and once severe,
But still for that I do not care.

I only grieve I vainly fought
For her I loved, whose good I sought,
Which has to her a lesson taught,
Although it was too dearly bought.

But, in conclusion, I would say,
To those with whom I hope to stay,
Till I am call'd from earth away,
I write to please, expecting pay.

Yours, most truly,

ROBERT BLACKWELL.

An ignorant d-d fool.

ALDINE BOOK CO. NOV 25 '42 LIBRARY SETS



Yours very Respectfully
Robert Blackwell

ACROSTIC.

Rhyming is now my occupation,
Oft times I write on subjects new,
By this I rise to observation,
Expecting pay for what I do ;
Regarding men of higher station,
They read my book, and pay me, too.

Burlesque me not, ye wise and knowing,
Let me but work and make my rhymes,
All I would ask is half a showing,
Come, gentlemen, hand o'er your dimes ;
Keep them no more in pockets tight,
When people work they want their pay.
Encourage worth with talents bright—
Little critics, now clear the way,
Learn first to spell before you write.

a rebel soft-shell.



ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1864.)

Generous and noble man, with an iron heart and true,
 Ever fighting for our cause, with victory full in view ;
 No Yankee can deter him, for while our lips are speak-
 ing,

Even now his sword so keen, with vandals' blood is
 reeking,

Raised high up to defend us, Abe Lincoln's clan defying,
 Alarming all the Yankees, from him behold them flying,
 Leaving their comrades and friends all gory, faint and
 dying.

Renowned for skill in warring, for him our soldiers
 fight,

Each ready, when he gives command, to put our foes
 to flight.

Long has he fought, and bravely, too, to keep our
 country free ;

Exploring regions far and near, the name of General
 Lee,

Endeared to each Southern heart, will live while ages
 flee.

ACROSTIC.

Like angels of mercy, God sent them to cheer us
 As traveling o'er earth, for when they are near us
 Depression grows lighter while enchanted we view
 In each of those ladies, patriotic and true,
 Every grace and charm, which makes them appear
 Shining stars of perfection, angelic and dear.

Our interest consulting, they showed their desire
 For the triumph of right when the first gun did fire,
 To put down oppression, loud ringing like thunder,
 Hot balls, well aimed, rent Sumpter asunder,
 Enrapturing the South, making Yankees to wonder—
 So see them still feeding maimed soldiers each day,
 Opposing all tyrants, for our interests they pray,
 Using money so freely, to aid and to cheer us.
 They study our good—all ye mortals now hear us,
 How happy we feel when those ladies are near us.

ACROSTIC.

Truly kind,
 Hence we find
 Each of them
 Like the moon
 And stars at night
 Directing us
 Into the right;
 Each of them
 Shining bright;
 Offending none,
 Firm and true,
 Conversing free,
 As ladies do;
 Ne'er disposed
 To act amiss;
 Our good they seek,
 No other bliss.

ACROSTIC.

The learned and the wise,
 How I love and I prize
 Each virtue composing their worth.
 Like angels they shine,
 All lovely, divine,
 Dispelling much darkness from earth.
 In the days of their youth
 Embracing the truth,
 Soothing the high and the low.
 Observe what I say,
 For a moment I pray
 Just view them as onward they go,
 Adorning each street,
 Conversing so sweet,
 Kind-hearted, most noble and free,
 Sublime are their ways.
 On them when I gaze,
 No blemish nor error I see.

ACROSTIC.

Strive on for it, we won't submit
 To negro lovers, great or small;
 Repulsive, mean, 'tis plainly seen,
 If let alone they'll crush us all;
 Keep them at bay, or soon we may
 Expect to yield to them our lands.
 For Freedom's sake we wish to take
 Our country's weal within our hands;
 Raise then the cry, make traitors fly
 From seats of trust in every place.
 Rads on us frown — lest voted down
 Ere long we are a ruined race;
 Each living man, with eyes to scan,
 Discerns a threat'ning cloud ahead.
 Our foes are strong, and acting wrong —
 May yet attempt on us to tread.



ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1865.)

Just think of the woes which he undergoes,
 Each hour surrounded by the deadliest of foes,
 Full of malice; we see they afflict him with glee,
 Forgetting that God his avenger will be.
 Each comfort once known from him is now flown—
 Religion is left for his solace alone;
 So see him now slighted, whose faith was once plighted
 On the side of the South, in which he delighted,
 Now dwelling in gloom, with prospects all blighted.

Did justice yet reign in the Yankee's domain,
 At once would she rise and strike off his chain.
 Villains subduing, who caused all his ruin,
 Insulted, imprisoned, our friend is now viewing,
 Scurrilous base foes his footsteps pursuing.

Too silly & treasonable for reading.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed on his return home from Canada.)

Join, friends, with us, and sing with glee
Of one who is of high degree ;
He has returned, so joyful be,
Now to repeat his praises free.

Clothed with each grace and virtue bright,

Bow low to him, ye sons of might ;
Repelling gloom, when in his sight,
Each one we seem to dwell in light.
Could we but all his praises tell,
Known best to those who do excel
In all that's great, we know it well,
None would refuse his praise to swell.
Round all the earth, from zone to zone,
In every clime his name is known —
Defeat can not his fame dethrone.
Great men like him, as can be shown,
Exist within a sphere their own.

Kentucky's bravest, wisest son,
From Yankees ne'er was known to run.
His cheerful face, as all agree,
None but his foes dislike to see.

ACROSTIC.

Could I this day but call the mine,
A light along my path would shine,
Dispersing gloom that round me bide ;
And if thou wilt but be my bride,
My greatest aim and chief employ
Shall be to soothe thy heart with joy.



Court House, St. Louis.

ACROSTIC.

She's growing larger every hour —
 A place of prayer, a place of mirth —
 Increasing in wealth as well as power;
 Now viewing her, ye sons of earth,
 Through all the land proclaim her worth.

Look at her mansions, tall churches, too,
 Outshining all the cities round;
 Uplifted high, her factories view,
 Imparting wealth and peace profound —
 Shall we refuse her praise to sound?

ACROSTIC.

Leading us right, possessing might,
 Our hearts and wills controlling;
 Viewless, but still it seems to fill
 Earth with its darts consoling.

ACROSTIC.

Think not, ye knaves, that you can scare us,
 High honors bright we will pursue;
 Even our fathers standing near us,
 Bid each of us our duty do.
 Like soldiers to our homes we cling,
 And firmly on our worth repose,
 Cheered by each friend; so while we sing,
 Keep far away, ye Northern foes!
 Ruffians! ye vainly try to bind us!
 Ever let the South alone;
 Provoke us not, for here you find us
 Upon the soil which we own.
 Because of you the people blunder;
 Lament your crimes and give them up;
 If you continue our land to plunder,
 Can you from us our pardon hope?
 Arabs and Turks would blush to view
 Naughty, thieving mortals, who
 Steal from men and ladies, too.

ACROSTIC.

Thieves and base Yankees our ruin designing,
 Have trodden us down and left us repining; [field,
 O, who would have thought, when we march'd to the
 Men brave as our leaders to vandals would yield?
 A people who spoke of never retreating, [beating.
 Should have fought while hearts in their bosoms were
 We look all around us, and what do we see?
 Slaves by the thousand, whom the Yankees set free
 That they may enslave us, the pride of creation;
 Envyng the South as a people and nation,
 Each bent on our ruin, both the young and the old:
 Light-fingered, base monsters, their meanness behold—
 Even entering our grave-yards searching for gold!



ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1864.)

Shed tears o'er his grave, and tune all your lyres,
 To sing in his praise who fought for our sires,
 Our wives and our children, and all that is dear,
 Noble and honored our proud standard to rear,
 E'er to wave, as we trust, our people to cheer.
 We ne'er can do justice to his name as we ought,
 Although for our country many battles he fought;
 Language would fail us to speak of each one,
 Laureled with victories, they shine like the sun.
 Just think how he fought, with a noble intent,
 And came off victorious wherever he went,
 Causing thousands to speak in the praise of his name.
 Knowing his true valor, we dwell on his fame,
 So full of glory, elevating and bright.
 On the day that he fell and sank from our sight,
 No music had power to give us delight.

ACROSTIC.

Dread monster, ruthless foe,
 Ever traveling to and fro,
 And causing tears of grief to flow,
 The good, the loved, and those that be,
 Hale and strong, must yield to thee.

ACROSTIC.

With tears of contrition lament thy condition,
 If thou hopest to 'scape an endless perdition,
 Long reserved, sir, for thee, with all others that be
 Low-minded, and trying to enslave Tennessee.
 Impressed with thy fate, to the Governor we state,
 Arch-fiend of creation, all thy actions we hate.
 Moving downward each hour, and though clothed with
 power,

God on thy head yet his vengeance will shower.
 Besmeared with disgrace, a curse to thy race,
 Reprobate, renegade, go hide now thy face.
 Our people are dying, 'mid scenes the most trying,
 While others, oppressed, from tyrants are flying.
 Now, leaving this day, for thy demise we pray,
 Lean, hungry scapegrace, what makes thee to stray
 On thy head be the blame, so covered with shame,
 We know not one act of thy goodness to name.

He has no shame, nor sense of right ;
 Ravenous wolf, of low degree ;
 Our former slaves, though black as night,
 No doubt would blush his heart to see.

If he was from his seat now hurl'd,
 Cheers would be heard from thousands 'round,
 Louder than thunderbolts unfurled—
 Even shaking the very ground.

ACROSTIC.

Roll back dark clouds from us we pray,
 As we don't wish to fight ;
 Desiring peace, this is the day
 In which to show your might.
 Cause wars to rage, but let them be
 Among yourselves all pent.
 Licentious knaves, we hope to see
 Swift vengeance on you sent.

(Composed in 1864.)

Resolved are we to keep her free,
In spite of all the fiends that be,
Convinced no one beneath the sun
Hath power to whip our General Lee.
Mounting high, she seeks the sky,
Old Lincoln's host she does defy;
No foes she dreads, for still she spreads
Defying men with wicked heads.

ACROSTIC.

Their course marked out they will pursue—
Hail to a band of patriots true.
Extended light, those worthies do
Denounce all wrong and tyrants, too.
Earth with their fame is ringing free—
Make room for those of high degree;
On them we trust, with others we
Can peace restore from sea to sea.
Rads now with them are falling in,
And own they have in error been;
Those that repent, forsaking sin,
Shall crowns of endless glory win.

ACROSTIC.

Containing fields with rich attire,
Our people should no more desire
Northern goods nor books to read,
For she can make the things we need;
Ere long upon her streams that be
Daily flowing towards the sea
Each Southern man will gladly view
Resplendent mills, and factories, too,
All running at a rapid speed,
Cheering thousands, and will, indeed,
Yield us all things we need.

MISS HARRIET T.

Before we run each other down
Let us ourselves apply,
And study truth, and cease to frown
On mortals born to die.

The ant, you know, is very small,
And yet it makes a hill,
Which make to it appear as tall
As would to us a mill.

The eagle, too, you will admit,
Can soar from earth away,
But does that make it right for it
On smaller birds to prey.

And though I never went to school
As other folks have done,
Should you for this call me a fool,
And at me poke your fun.

If that be right, then go ahead
You can not injure me ;
When people try on me to tread,
I from their presence flee ;

But ere I leave I say to you,
Being a graduate ;
And having sense to will and do,
I must conclude and state

It would be vain for silly men
To cope, as with an elf,
Or think of grasping wisdom when
You have it all yourself.

Our soldiers fought, and bravely, too,
And thousands of wicked Yankees slew ;
But, after all, upon the field
Overpowered, they had to yield.

[One night at a party a loquacious inebriate, libertine, smoker and chewer, asked me to write some poetry on himself and a couple of snuff-dippers who were sitting by him. The following lines I then composed and read within their hearing:]

Some ladies do delight to joke,
And can appreciate
The worth of those who drink and smoke,
While sober men they hate.

They are, they think, of judges best—
Of course it must be so ;
They love the fop, and men detest
Who can not make a show.

Go to parties where oft they meet,
And view them all the while ;
The man who talks to them most sweet,
Though ignorant, low and vile,

He is the man to please them most;
While one from vices free,
Who will not drink to them a toast,
They from his presence flee.

The time is not so distant when,
If things go on this way,
All truly good and virtuous men
At home had better stay,

Than to be scorned by ladies who,
Professing vice to hate,
Encourage drunkards not a few
By listening to them prate.

And while some do of smoking boast,
And love to dance and skip ;
Of all the things, we hate the most
To see one chew or dip.

And still we do regret to say,
Some use tobacco free ;
Perhaps one thousand pounds per day
They dip in Tennessee.

Oh! what a waste of time and wealth,
And what else does it do?
It always does impair the health,
And kills the user, too.

'Tis dipping brings consumption on—
This truth none can deny—
And pales the cheek, made to adorn
The cities in the sky.

A curse on those who grind the snuff,
Or did it first invent;
It kills its thousands; ain't this enough
To wish it from us sent?

Had we the genius to harangue,
We would impress on all,
That we should make a law to hang
Snuff makers great and small.

Nor would we pass rum sellers by;
For killing mortals we
Would make a law to hang them high
Upon the nearest tree,

And leave them there for birds to pick—
We mean the carrion crow—
Still some we fear it would make sick
To feed on things so low.

The Yankees, they are humane men,
They set the negroes free,
Nor will not rob a dead one when
No clothes on him they see.

Their feelings were so tender, they
Could not on slavery look
But with disgust; to make it pay,
The negroes part they took.

So leaving jails and fœtid rooms,
Down South they quickly flew,

All full with zeal they robb'd the tombs
Of dead folks not a few.

At first they came with sword in hand,
And took all they could find,
And now they come and praise demand
For leaving things behind,

Which when first here they could not move,
Such as hills and mountains,
Therefore, of course, it was but love
Which made them leave our fountains,

Rivers and plains, so kind were they;
All being giants strong,
They might have took each State away,
Could they have acted wrong.

But such low things they could not do;
Though once they had the power
To kill us all, they spared a few
To see this glorious hour,

In which we see the negro race,
With Rads to cheer and lead,
Ruling the South in every place;
And must we clothe and feed

This hateful, negro-loving clan,
Who, ruling with a rod,
Let darkies vote, but no white man
Who hath a hope in God?

Ain't it a sin and slander, too,
Upon the Yankee race,
To make but tools of negroes who
Do them in office place?

Had we all power 'neath the sun
That we could now desire,
We'd take these robbers, every one,
And roast them in a fire.



ACROSTIC.

Just and holy Lamb of God !
Ever may I trust thy blood
So long as life remains to me ;
Uphold me, now to thy cross I bow,
Save me by thy mercy free.

MY COUNTRY.

I boast I was in Georgia born,
 The land of cotton, wheat and corn,
 Where people all were happy once,
 Till old Abe Lincoln, knave and dunce,
 Raised up an army in the North,
 And sent his thieving vandals forth,
 At whose command they passed her through,
 Burning towns and cities, too;
 Taking all that they could find
 That could be moved, of ev'ry kind;
 And for such acts they think we should
 Admire them as being good.
 Most sage conclusion, I declare,
 The sight of them I can not bear;
 Still, after all, themselves they force
 Within our sight, and think, of course,
 That we to them should homage pay
 For taking all our wealth away;
 But let them learn, though they may scoff,
 Had I a mighty gun,
 And them within, I'd touch it off,
 And kill them ev'ry one.

(Composed on seeing Mrs. Surratt Hung, June 6, 1865.)

In Washington city
 A woman to be hung,
 A melancholy ditty
 To be said or sung.

A woman to be strangled,
 The Yankees standing by,
 They see her body mangled,
 But lift no voice on high.

A brave and warlike nation
 Now vents its fiendish spite;
 A worthy demonstration,
 A noble, gallant sight.

All ready for the banging,
Bullets, steel and lead,
Brave fellows at the hanging
To see a woman dead.

Revealing in slaughters
The yankee's deep disgrace,
Crushing freedom's daughters—
Oh, what a manly race!

Aghast and craven hearted,
On the Yankees be the stain—
Sons and daughters parted,
Women rudely slain.

Time was in history's pages
When chivalry would fly,
And when our sons and sages
Strove for beauty's sigh.

Are we backward streaming
In the lapse of time,
Idly gazing, dreaming
Amid triumphant crime!

Sons of the South, now, forward!
Avenge this woman's death,
Strike those Northern cowards,
Stay not your parting breath.

Think of Washington city,
A woman to be hung,
No one to help or pity—
The knell of freedom rung.

An old writer gives the following as the amount of
sleep demanded :

Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.



ACROSTIC.

(Composed in 1858.)

My darling, I fain would cross the deep sea,
And quickly return with riches to thee ;
Rubies and diamonds and pearls from the main,
Yet being so poor all my wishes are vain.

Thine eyes are stars which gladden the heart,
Bidding all gloom and sorrows depart ;
Laughing and blushing, thy smiles they are balm
And hover around my passions to calm ;
Consuming their dross, and making me be
Kindly disposed, especially to thee,
With whom I do hope to spend a long life,
Exultingly, too, caressing my wife,
Laughing at want, defying all pain,
Living in hopes of living again.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed on her death, May 23, 1859.)

'Mid pains and convulsions, thy soul passed away
And rose, as I trust, to the realms of bright day;
Reviving the thought, though thy death I record,
Yet thou art now happy and praising the Lord.

To win me to Jesus thou seemed to be sent,

But, strange to relate, I refused to repent,
Loving those pleasures which last but a day;
All thy fond pleadings I threw them away,
Crushing thy hopes, and giving thee pain,
Knowing that all thy efforts were vain;
While kindness and love yet beamed in thine eyes,
Earth was exchanged for a home in the skies,
Leaving me here, without friends, without home,
Loaded with sorrows, 'mid strangers to roam.

But could tears of anguish wake thee
From the dark and lonely grave,
In my arms I now would take thee,
And bless the Lord who died to save.

But in that grave in which thou sleepeth,
No sun on thee will ever rise;
And though thy husband o'er thee weepeth,
Never canst thou hear his cries.

Deaf to all that now would greet thee,
Cold thy brow and still thy heart,
Yet in heaven I hope to meet thee,
Never more from thee to part.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1860.)

Judicious and wise, wherever he went,
On doing his duty he seemed to be bent;
He labored and struggled, yet never repined,
Nor thought of the joys for the faithful designed.

Concerning his greatness our people can tell,
Commenting on one who loved us so well,
And desired to see us grow mighty and strong,
Like the hills and firm mountains, defying all wrong.
His singleness of heart, the loss of our choice,
Our tongues can best tell, since we hear not his voice,
Urging us all like soldiers to stand,
Nerved for the dangers which threaten our land.

ACROSTIC.

Giving lessons,
Each bright and new,
Ne'er swerving from,
Each good pursue.
Renowned for sense
And learning, too;
Lawyer, statesman,
Just, wise, and true.
A hero, brave,
Men love to view;
Each man around
Speaks well of you.
Yet life is short,
Earth's glories few,
Live not for fame
Like others do.

ACROSTIC.

Mouldering though thy body be,
Yet in my dreams thy form I see.

My tears in torrents daily fall
O'er thee ; I would, but can't recall.
Thou art gone to Christ, thy God,
He who bought thee with his blood,
Enabled thee to run thy race,
Raised thee now to see his face ;

Exalted thee to hear his voice,
Lifted thee—with saints rejoice
In holy songs of perfect love—
Zion and her walls above,
And all the beauties of the skies
Before thee now in grandeur lies.
Expansive view of love divine,
Thine to view, forever thine,
Happiness without one sigh,

Precious fruits forever nigh,

Beheld by thee, by thee enjoyed,
Lasting, ne'er to be destroyed ;
All thy cares and troubles o'er,
Christ thy praise for evermore.
King and Priest, be him my stay,
While here I dwell in flesh and clay
Ever knowing death is nigh,
Let me but live, let me but die
Like thee, and meet thee in the sky.

(Died in 1858.)



ACROSTIC.

Sweet smiles, more bright than rays of light
Adorn those lovely cheeks of thine ;
Looking so neat, with charms complete,
Lady, now say, wilt thou be mine ?
If thou art free, by marrying me,
Each day I'll try to comfort thee,
And make thy life quite free from strife,
Justly acting towards my wife,
Expecting her my heart to cheer,
Never to scold, but call me dear.
Now hear me through, believe me, too,
I love thy smiling face to view.
No mortal man here living can
Give unto thee a heart so free,
So full of love as mine for thee.



ACROSTIC.

(Composed on its refusing to Operate.)

There are some who of thy future doubt;
Hast thou one word? Now speak it out
Ere thy name be lost to fame.

Already certain men are saying,
Thy vital chords they are decaying;
Lion of the sea, awake,
And make those babblers fear and quake;
Now we beseech, if thou art able
To prove thyself a talking cable,
Interchange one word or so,
Concerning of thy present woe;

Cleave each rock beneath the sea,
And prove thyself indeed to be
Beneficial to the free;
Like a king from slumber wake,
Exulting, and thy sceptre take.



ACROSTIC.

(My youngest Brother.)

John, dear brother, onward go,
Overcoming every foe;
Heavy though thy burdens be,
Never cease to pray for me.

Look at what we have to do

Before we can bright Canaan view;
Love for God we must possess,
And pray the Lord our foes to bless;
Conscious we are born to die,
Keep thine eyes uplifted high;
With confidence to Jesus pray
Every hour throughout the day;
Loving him who died for thee,
Let me repeat, now pray for me.



ACROSTIC.

Turn this book and at us look,
Heed our features, too,
Expressive, fine, our faces shine,

To please such folks as you ;
With heads but four, we want no more,
Our eyes give us no light ;

Our ears are deaf, but yet no grief
Disturbs us day or night ;
Deprived of feet we can not walk
In houses where we go ;
The reason why we do not sigh,
Is left for you to know.
Ever free from care are we,
So turn this book, and at us look.

ACROSTIC.

Through all thy days give God thy praise,
 He made the sun on which we gaze,
 Of wondrous height ; 'twas by his might
 Millions of worlds sprang into sight,
 And as they turn with pure concern,
 Strive, youth, with me, their names to learn.

Dick bids us view yon sky so blue,
 In which are systems, not a few,
 Cloudless and free, methinks I see
 Kingdoms prepared for saints that be.

But ere we climb to heights sublime
 Our souls must all be free from crime,
 Unsullied by sin's deepest dye,
 Redeemed and fitted for the sky.
 Love, then, to pray to Christ the way ;
 And since there is a judgment-day
 Ne'er let thy heart from truth depart,
 Desiring rest—for glory start.

(A youth of a Romantic and Contemplative Turn of Mind.)

ACROSTIC.

It matters not though poor I be,
 Scorn me not, nor look at me
 As one who would thy smiles implore ;
 All low down words I do despise,
 Coming from the rich or poor.

Shall a man, though poor, be forced to bow
 His head to one, though wealthy, now,
 Exaggerates and lies ;
 Let my views be known to all,
 Let me stand or let me fall,
 I do all whisky bloats despise,
 Existing now beneath the skies.

ACROSTIC.

Make truth thy study day and night,
 Impressed with subjects shining bright ;
 Christ, the Lord, the source of light,
 Always cheering guide thee aright.
 Just think upon his love so free,
 All men he bids from sin to flee ;
 He took our place and died, that we,

Both young and old, might angels be.
 Love so great was never known,
 Around the earth his glories shone ;
 Coming from his Father's throne,
 King Jesus did our sins atone.
 We should not, then, forget to pray,
 Exposed to death, without delay,
 Let us now both in earnest say,
 Lord Jesus, take our sins away.

(My dear Brother.)

ACROSTIC.

Armed with all power and with love,
 Look down on me from heaven above ;
 My only hope, my only plea,
 Is that Jesus died for me.
 Gracious Father, Heavenly King,
 Hear me while thy praise I sing ;
 Though so sinful, though so vile,
 Yet in mercy on me smile.

Give me grace from day to day
 On Thee to trust, and when I pray
 Disperse my gloomy doubts away.



ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1864.)

Great is thy name of which we sing,
 Earth with thy many victories ring;
 Nerved with courage, our land to save,
 Each danger thou dost gladly brave.
 Renowned on many a battle field,
 A tower of strength our foes must yield,
 Legions against thee, though they wield.

Justly by thy friends revered,
 And by our foes how greatly feared;
 May thou upon each battle plain
 Escape, amid the thousand slain,
 Scathless the lead and iron rain.

Long after death, yes, ages long,
 On history's page, in poet's song;
 Nor dimmed by times' despoiling hand,
 Great deeds like thine in Southern land
 Shall live, and patriot's latest breath
 Tell how, amid the cries of death,
 Rang out thy voice in stern command,
 Encouraging all thy men to stand,
 Even at the cannon's blazing mouth
 To save our native land, the South!

ACROSTIC.

Moments fast are gliding by us ;
 In procession on they hie,
 Speechless, yet proclaiming loudly
 That we are mortal, and must die ;
 Ere another day has fled,
 Remember, sir, we may be dead.

How short our life, at longest, here ;
 Upon this subject let us think,
 Make efforts for to win the skies,
 Ere to endless pain we sink.

ACROSTIC.

While now
 In youth,
 Love God,
 Love truth ;
 In strength
 All glorious,
 March on

Victorious.

May the God
 Of the free,
 Overruling,
 Nourish thee.

(A boy about nine years old.)



ACROSTIC.

Sweet music round this place is ringing,
 Ringing softly—stop and hear;
 Childs has come, just hear him singing,
 He was made our hearts to cheer;
 It is a piano he is playing—
 Let us go and near him stand,
 Detain us not, for we must buy it,
 Since he keeps the best on hand.

ACROSTIC.

May Heaven inspire me now with rhyme,
 A power to write some pleasing line;
 Rich in love, and rich in grace,
 Your beauty and many charms to trace.

ACROSTIC.

More pure than the gems of Olympian stream,
 Inclining to good, of beauties the Queen ;
 "Seductive her charms, as a poet's young dream,"
 Supremely beloved is the maid of my theme.

Many beauties I've seen, North, South, East and West,
 Acrosticised hundreds, in earnest and jest,
 Respected and loved some, flattered the rest,
 Yet she, and she only, reigns Queen of my breast.

High above others her accomplishments soar ;
 An anthem of praise might be sung of her lore,
 Never written by Byron, Scott, Shakspeare, or Moore ;
 Nor dreamed of by poets or painters of yore !
 And her wit sparkles bright amid pleasure's throng,
 Heart-thrilling her accents, as love's ardent song.

Thus wisdom, and beauty, and virtue unite
 Harmonious in her, as dreams of the night.
 O, could I depict that transcendent delight
 My heart felt when first she enraptured my sight !
 All trembling with transport, I gazed on her face,
 Seraphic she seemed, as an angel of grace.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1860.)

Just read the name of him to be
 Our President ; most wise is he,
 His cheerful face, as all agree,
 None but his foes dislike to see.

Both parties can in him repose,
 Every man, including foes ;
 Law-abiding man, he shows
 Love for truth where'er he goes.

Born near Nashville, Tennessee, 1796, and entered public life during the Federal Administration of John Quincy Adams, and in 1850 was run by the American Party as a candidate for the Presidency.

ACROSTIC.

More fool than wise, more knave than saint,
 And yet he had so many charms,
 Reclining on his chair of ease,
 The people took him to their arms;
 In all his glory they saw him rise,
 Not clothed with virtue, but with disguise.

Vows he broke from day to day,
 And though he made a great display,
 No good of him can mortal say.

But still from us he homage claims,
 Unmindful of his traitorous aims;
 Robed in the garments of a foe,
 Enticing men with him to go—
 Not to heaven, but down below.

Eighth President of the United States. Born in New York, December 5, 1782.
 President from 1837 to 1841—four years.

FABLE—THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A FOX having tumbled by chance into a well, had been casting about a long while to no purpose how he should get out again, when, at last, a goat came to the place, and wanting a drink, asked Reynard whether the water was good. "Good," says he; "aye, so sweet that I am afraid I have surfeited myself, I have drank so abundantly." The goat, upon this, without any more ado, leaped in, and the fox, taking advantage of his horns, by the assistance of them, as nimbly leaped out, leaving the poor goat at the bottom of the well to shift for himself.

THE APPLICATION.

The doctrine taught us by this fable is no more than this; that we ought to consider who it is that advises us before we follow the advice. For, however plausible the counsel may seem, if the person that gives it is a crafty knave, we may be assured that he intends to serve himself in it more than us, if not to erect something to his own advantage out of our ruin. . . .

The little, poor country attorney, ready to starve, and sunk to the lowest depths of poverty, for want of employment, by such arts as these, draws the squire his neighbor into the gulf of the law; until, laying hold on the branches of his revenue, he lifts himself out of obscurity, and leaves the other immured in the bottom of a mortgage.



Yours truly
Logan S. Dameron

ACROSTIC.

Lauding the good, we sing the praise
Of one on whom we love to gaze ;
Gifted and wise, thy name we prize,
Always cheerful, obliging, too,
Not erring, like ten thousands do.

Did we from thee but lessons take,

Dear sir, we would our sins forsake,
And would like thee pursue the right,
March on to bliss and realms of light,
Enchanting all as on we go,
Reproving wrong, and soothing woe ;
Of mortals we did never see,
Nor dreamed of one so kind as thee.

ACROSTIC.

Each day, dear youth, read God's own truth,
Do all you can to rise ;
Desiring light pursue the right,
In doing which 'twill make you rich,
Eternal in the skies.



ACROSTIC.

Most solemn sight, to them delight,
 As their hands they willing join ;
 Roll on, ye years, be free from cares,
 Rich flowers round their pathway twine.
 It has been said that those who wed
 Are the ones most free from strife :
 Glad tidings to the high and low,
 Each man should get a lovely wife.

 MORAL LESSON—HOW TO WIN.

A MAN who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity."

Let every one who reads this go and do likewise, and he will meet a similar reward.

ACROSTIC.

Lovely maiden, thy charms have enraptured my gaze,
And thy various accomplishments challenge my praise.
Unlooked for, I met thee, one cold winter's night;
Refined by all graces, like an angel of light,
All thy songs and sweet smiles gave my heart true
delight.

In the days of my boyhood, an angelic form
Stood by me and blessed me from evening till morn,
And thy form and thy features, thy music and lore
Beguile me, as did that bright vision of yore.
Even now, in my fancy, thy image I see,
Like a rainbow of glory bending o'er me.

Bright being of beauty, I now bow at thy shrine,
Reject not my suit, but be mine, only mine;
And strewed with sweet flowers thy pathway shall be,
Gems right from Golconda, and pearls from the sea,
Glad, glad, will I purchase and present unto thee.

ACROSTIC.

Meek, modest and kind,
And in language refined,
Respected by all, and especially by me;
Yet who could proclaim
To the world all thy charms,
Should they live while ages shall flee.
(Of Tennessee.)



ACROSTIC.

While men of sense still drink of thee,
 How can we hope much good to see?
 It seems, indeed, most strange to me
 Such men should boast as being free;
 Kept in chains, in fetters bound,
 Yet simple people pour thee down.

ACROSTIC.

(Address to Rum, Brandy and Whisky.)

Rivers of blood you cause to flow,
 Enslaving men where'er you go;
 Vain are the tears of babes or wife;
 Endless cares you bring, and strife;
 Love and hope you banish quite.
 Remorseless foes, how great your might!
 In the strength of One more strong
 Even than the powers of wrong,
 Should we learn your sight to spurn.



ACROSTIC.

Callous-hearted, ruthless man,
He devised a wicked plan,
And took poor Lester's life away,
Regardless of the judgment-day ;
Let the murderer and the knave,
Executed by the brave,
Sleep forgot within his grave.

Clothed with crimes of the blackest dye,
Observe him when he comes to die,
Supported by the sheriff's hand—
Guilty wretch, he can not stand,
Reflection seems to cast him down ;
One more step, his limbs are bound
Very close, and soon he swings,
Encountering death with all its stings.

*Who was hung at Little Rock, Arkansas, 1859, for killing a
man for his money.*

ACROSTIC.

The prettiest and the neatest, the lovliest and the
sweetest

Here I see ;

Each one possessing worth, all full of life and mirth,

Laughing free

At things that please them most, and while of them I
boast,

Dearest me,

I wish the world but knew how noble, wise and true

Each seems to be

Sent as from the skies, to make men truly wise,

And religious, too ;

To soothe their hearts with joy, my pen I will employ,

Though my words be few ;

How can I love them less, when they, indeed, possess

Each virtue true ?

Claiming as a prize, a home beyond the skies,

Hoping for bliss,

And bidding me to follow, though I am not worth one
dollar.

Let me think of this ;

Yon heaven, which they seek, was made for all the
meek,

Beckoning me away,

Enchanting as they move, toward the place they love,

And like a ray,

They cheer me all the while, and when on me they smile,

Enriched I seem ;

And for each person here, we have water good and clear,

Cooling to drink,

Increasing as it flows, a balm for earthly woes ;

Do not let it sink ;

So long as time shall glide, and men on earth abide,

Proclaim its worth ;

Rushing from a hill, though it can not turn a mill,

It cures the sick ;

No one should doubt my word, though they have not
of it heard ;

Gather round it quick.



ACROSTIC.

That deer we see is now in danger,
Hemmed around by deadly foes ;
Each one to him a total stranger,

Craves to catch him by the nose ;
He seems to dread the thought of dying,
As, leaping o'er those mighty logs,
Swiftly, swiftly, now see him flying,
Ere long to be but food for dogs.

ACROSTIC.

Seen through no glass, to the naked eye
They look like gems set in the sky ;
And yet they are but planets high ;
Revolving round ten thousand suns,
Swift, yet smooth as water runs.



JERUSALEM.

ACROSTIC.

Just view the place where Jesus first
Embraced the sons of earth ;
Round it he walked, and preached to men
Undying words of worth,
Salvation free to rich and poor,
And peace he came to bring ;
Look now at it and Christ adore,
Ere long in it the Lord will reign
More glorious than before.

ACROSTIC.

A business place, healthy and neat,
The point where four great railroads meet ;
Laureled with cars, a good supply—
All the time those cars are rolling,
Never tiring, how consoling,
They bring us things for which we sigh,
And things we need, as none deny.

ACROSTIC.

From what I see, some seek for thee,
As something worthy greeting ;
Missing their aim, they thee proclaim
Elusive, worthless, fleeting.

ACROSTIC.

His race is run, his work is done,
 Our statesman and our friend ;
 No more will we his features see,
 Or to his speech attend.
 Rich and the poor his loss deplore,
 And we that loved him well
 Bewail the day he passed away,
 Leaving us in tears to dwell.
 Earth's fleeting breath was lost in death,

Descending to the tomb,
 Around his grave bright laurels wave,
 Ne'er may they cease to bloom.
 In circles high death's arrows fly,
 Each one bringeth sorrow ;
 Life's fleeting ray did pass away,

When death he hurled his arrow
 Equaled by few we ever knew,
 Brilliant the road he trod,
 Serene in death, gave back his breath
 To Christ, his mighty God.
 Earth felt the blow when he sunk low ;
 Refulgent still his virtues glow.

(Written on his Death.)

ACROSTIC.

Prized for thy worth,
 Haste on thy way,
 Influenced by
 Love's cheering ray.

Cast all thy care
 Here on the Lord,
 Expecting he
 Will thee reward.



ACROSTIC.

Red fire of hell—uncooling drink,
 Unpitying foe, now stop and think,
 Make men no more to ruin sink.



ACROSTIC.

Blasting hopes of man and wife,
 Real source of grief and strife;
 A curse on land, a curse on sea,
 No man of sense will drink of thee;
 Drying all the vitals up,
 Yet fools this poison daily sup.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

ACROSTIC.

People of this and distant climes
 Regarded him as one of worth ;
 Each knowing him, did him adore,
 So long as he remained on earth.
 In learning none could him excel,
 Discussion was to him delight ;
 Exploring was his mind, but still
 Ne'er was he known to swerve from right.
 Think of the height to which he rose,
 Jeweled with fame's bright diadem ;
 Of those he was surrounded by
 He stood above the best of them.
 Now if you wish to blot his name
 Quite from beneath the sky,
 Uplift the sea first from its bed,
 Its mighty waves defy ;
 Not only so, but make the stars
 Cease, at your word, to run,
 Yon silver moon, too, pluck it down,
 And paralyze the sun ;
 Do all which we have named above,
 And then you can, no doubt,
 Make men forget his useful life,
 Sweep, too, his memory out.

Sixth President of the United States. Born in Massachusetts, July 11, 1767,
 President from 1825 to 1829—four years. Died February 23, 1848.

MORAL LESSON.—CICERO.

The great Roman orator was one day sneered at by one of his
 opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low
 parentage. "You are the *first* of your line," said the railer.
 "And you," replied Cicero, "are the *last* of yours.



GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

ACROSTIC.

Great and noble, brave and free,
 Ever faithful, kind was he ;
 No one could bend his iron will,
 Earth could not his spirit quell ;
 Read his exploits o'er and o'er,
 And you'll love him more and more.
 Low though he sleeps, his virtues shine,

And will until the end of time.
 Now go with him through all life's scenes,
 Down to the battle of New Orleans ;
 Respect the course he is pursuing,
 Enter on the battle's plain,
 Witness the dying and the slain ;

Judge from what you see him doing,
 All his efforts were not vain ;
 Cities though are saved from ruin.
 Kindled is the very air,
 See the British in despair,
 On each foe destruction hurled,
 Now his fame surrounds the world.

Seventh President of the United States. Born in North Carolina, March 15, 1767. President from 1829 to 1837—eight years. Died June 8, 1845.

MORAL LESSON.

Lord Tenderden, who was the son of a barber, had too much good sense to feel any false shame on that account. It is related of him, that when, in an early period of his professional career, a brother barrister, with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twit him on his origin, his manly and severe reply was, "Yes, sir, I am the son of a barber ; if you had been the son of a barber you would have been a barber yourself."



JAMES K. POLK.

ACROSTIC.

Justice and truth he loved from his youth,
 And, as in years, he grew old,
 More wise he became, till he won a proud name,
 Ever to be bright; while stars give us light,
 Shall the world of his wisdom be told.

Kindest of men, there ne'er was a pen

Pointed with gems could praise him too high;
 O'er the statesman true now hundreds we view,
 Lamenting the hour when God, by his power,
 Kindled disease and caused him to die.

Eleventh President of the United States. Born in North Carolina, November 2, 1795. President from 1845 to 1849—four years. Died June 15, 1849. Glory to his name and peace to his ashes.

His fame it will last while ages go past,
 Kind husband, great statesman, though dead,
 Our people do boast of his valor and trust,
 On the marble which covers his head.

(Inscribed to Mrs. James K. Polk.)

MORAL LESSON—KNOCKING AWAY THE PROPS.

"See, father," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge. What are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"

"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers which are now finished."

THE APPLICATION.

God often takes away our earthly props, that we may rest more firmly on him. God sometimes takes away a man's health that he may rest upon him for his daily bread. Before his health failed, though, perhaps, he repeated daily the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," he looked to his own industry for that which he asked of God. That prop being taken away, he rested wholly on God's bounty. When he receives his bread, he receives it as the gift of God. God takes away our friends, that we may look to him for sympathy. When our affections were exercised on objects around us, when we rejoiced in their abundant sympathy, we did not feel the use of Divine sympathy; but when they were taken away we felt our need of God's sympathy and support. We were brought to realize that the alone can give support, and form an adequate portion for the soul. Thus are our earthly props removed, that we may rest firmly and wholly upon God.

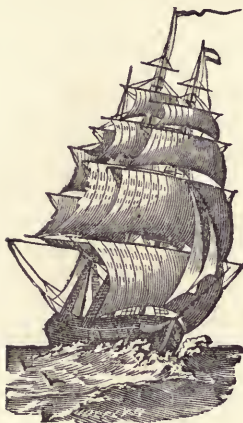
ACROSTIC.

Denouncer of wrong and defender of right,
Occupying a place resplendently bright,
Commanding our songs, our homage and our praise ;
Though having strong vision, on thee when we gaze,
Our eyes are dazzled, for we see so much light
Reflected from thee that we scarcely can write.
We wish thee much pleasure through all coming days,
And thy most charming bride, deserving our praise,
Convinced of her merits, her graces and worth,
Having wed her, the best of mortals on earth,
Extol her, protect her, each day through the year,
And, others forsaking, her presence prefer ;
'Twill give her true joy thy affection to tell,
Her face wreathed with smiles, all confusion to quell,
And drive away darkness, preventing all strife,
Making thousands adore both thee and thy wife.

TAKE WARNING.

The judgment-day is just ahead,
And ere one hundred years be fled
All those now living will be dead
And sleeping in their narrow bed.

Then let us all from slumber wake,
And this resolve with firmness make :
We will at once our sins forsake,
And the bright road to glory take.



ACROSTIC.

Hold her canvass to the breeze,
O'er the waves she rides with ease,
Praise to God, of our life the giver,
Each one from harm he can deliver.

ACROSTIC.

Most worthy and sweet,
A mirror of light;
Glittering like diamonds,
Glorious and bright;
Industrious, and giving
Each mortal delight;
Captivating our hearts,
Firm, faithful each day.
On thy name when we write,
X stands in the way.

ACROSTIC.

Directed by wisdom,
Onward he hies,
Co-acting with men,
Those seeking a prize
Of glories now shining
Remote in the skies.

In all his acts
Such grandeur we see,
As beggars description ;
A mortal more free
Can never be found,

Nor desired to be.

Concerning his goodness,
Of this we are sure,
Like a Christian he tries
Each person to cure.

(Of Halifax county, Va.)

May all thy days be days of bliss,
In this low world of care ;
Solid and lasting peace is this
To have of death no fear.



ACROSTIC.

Though tea, you know, caused blood to flow,
 Extol it still, I trust you will,
 And buy of me, and let me go.

ACROSTIC.

All admire thy beauty, thy streets are so wide,
 Undeiled by drunkards, few passing this way;
 Green wave thy tall trees, of rich Georgia the pride,
 Undergoing a change, for the better, each day,
 Spreading and lengthening; here thousands have rolled
 To greet their true friends and companions of old,
 And made, by industry, ten thousands of gold.



ACROSTIC.

Read her life, ye rich and poor,
Unbounded praises to her give ;
Though she died in days of yore,
Her virtuous name will ever live,

(The Moabitess.)

ACROSTIC.

Majestic and rich, her name we adore,
A comfort to all, to the rich and the poor ;
Revealing true worth to the men of each State,
Yet half of her charms we can not relate ;
Look at her cities and mansions around,
Alive with sweet ladies, for beauty renowned :
Neat and most lovely, behold them, we pray,
Directing their course to the mansions of day.

ACROSTIC.

Gladly dost thou pursue the right,
Each one with news supplying;
Of mental, moral courage bright,
Reflecting worth undying.
Go on, go on, from strength to might,
Each foe of thine defying;
Keeping thy friends with news on hand,
Noble sir, most learn'd, profound,
Although we live in a distant land,
Papers which we receive from thee
Proclaim to all thy merits round.

ACROSTIC.

Meek one, most true, with eyes so blue,
All knowing heap their praise on you;
Respected by the great and high,
Your sterling worth none can deny.

Such beauty we did never see—
Earth with your praise is ringing free;
Reflecting light your features bright
Enchant us, like the stars at night;
Not only so, when grown, we trow,
All men on you will praise bestow.

Dear girl, each day for you we pray,
And will, while on this earth we stay;
Most willing, too, and trust that you
Each hour will keep the grave in view,
Remembering all, both great and small,
On earth must die; so daily try,
Now, with the good and wise to vie.



ACROSTIC.

Ever virtuous,
 Lovely, too,
 In religion foremost;
 Zealous and true,
 Alluring to good,
 Bold to defend,
 Ever kind;
 True to the end
 Her spirit lives,
 Defying death,
 Ever bright
 Among the saints
 Now in light.

 GRIEF.

Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.—*Shakspeare.*

ACROSTIC.

'Tis vain to try to please such folks,
Holding their heads like towering oaks;
Each wrapped in self, can plainly see
Some error in all men that be
Except themselves, in whom they view
Learning, wit, and grandeur, too.
Forgetting all but self alone,
In search of wealth, to evil prone:
Such living thus and dying so,
How can they up to glory go?

ACROSTIC.

Dear little State, to thee we confess
Each beauty of thine we can not express;
Language would fail us to tell of thy charms,
Adorned with fine houses, fine cities, fine farms;
With ladies most lovely, as the learned will agree,
And gentlemen from all vices quite free,
Rich and refined in the arts of true worth,
Extending thy fame to the ends of the earth.

In all our transactions with mankind, even in the most private and low life, we should have a special regard how, and with whom, we trust ourselves. Men, in this respect, ought to look upon each other as wolves, and to keep themselves under a secure guard, and in a continual posture of defense. Particularly upon any treaties of importance the securities on both sides should be strictly considered, and each should act with so cautious a view to their own interest as never to pledge or part with that which is the very essence and basis of their safety and well-being.



Washington Crossing the Delaware.

ACROSTIC.

Go, read the history of the earth,
 Each book, and try to find
 One man so loved for sterling worth
 Respected, more refined—
 Greater and of a better birth,
 Endeared more to mankind.

We read, that ere to fight he went,
 All brave of heart to do and dare,
 Some one beheld our hero bent,
 His God to seek in humble prayer.
 In that behold his faith in God—
 Not in the prowess of his sword.
 Great chieftain, gift of heaven above,
 There never was a man
 On earth deserved more praise or love,
 Not e'en since time began.

First President of the United States. Born in Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732.

President from 1789 to 1797—eight years. Died Dec. 1, 1799.

MORAL LESSON—WASHINGTON'S FILIAL PIETY.

George Washington, when young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged; the vessel lay opposite his father's house; the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and, perhaps, never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said: "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk; I will not go to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him: "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe that he will bless you." The young man who thus honored his parents was afterwards honored by his countrymen, and will be to the end of time.

ACROSTIC.

Through thee the loveliest rivers glide,
 Enriching thee on every side.
 No truer hearts a State can boast,
 No fairer maidens love can toast.
 Each rill of thine is dear to me,
 Sweet land, most lovely Tennessee.
 So long as life this heart shall warm,
 E'er to thee my thoughts will turn,
 Emblem of the Eternal One.*

*Trinity in Unity, three States by natural division, yet one in fact.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed in 1868.)

Subjugated, insulted, too,
 On every hand are we,
 Nor can we well our course pursue
 So long as Brownlow, he
 Opposes us in all we do,
 From East to West, and does his best
 To crush poor Tennessee.
 Elated at the very thought—
 Nefarious, heartless knave ;
 Now view him on his level brought,
 Even sunk beneath a slave,
 Stealing from us, he thinks we ought
 Succumb to him, and crave,
 Even by negroes, to be taught,
 Ere we his anger brave.



ACROSTIC.

(Composed in 1860.)

Surpassed by none beneath the sun,
 At his face we love to gaze ;
 Dull care begone, from morn till morn.
 One so wise we love to praise ;
 Untainted by corruption's dye,
 Generous man, possessing worth,
 Let every State his acts relate,
 And spread his fame, and him proclaim
 Superior to the sons of earth.

MORAL LESSON—A WOMAN'S PROMISE.

Henry Carey, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majesty's favor for several years, lost it in the following manner: As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace, under the Queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him, in a jocular manner: "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?"

"Upon a woman's promise," said Carey.

"Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth.

She retired, but did not forget Carey's answer. Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him.

"True," replied she, "but that was a woman's promise."

ACROSTIC.

Henceforth we are of him bereft,
 Of him who won a name
 No other mortal man has left
 On these low shores of fame.
 Rising from youth to fame and might,
 And with the wise and great,
 Benign he labored, day and night,
 Long grievance to abate ;
 Endeared to us and deep in thought,

He did his wit display,
 Even those who his ruin sought
 No harm of him could say,
 Refuting every doctrine bad,
 Yet craving not a name ;

Calm, and in his right mind clad,
 Leaped up to wealth and fame.
 At Washington he passed away,
 Yet his fame will ne'er decay.

(*Written on his death.*)

ACROSTIC.

Respected by
 Each mortal true,
 Victorious on

The right pursue ;

Make all you can

From sin to flee ;
 In doing which
 Now pray that we
 Not one may err ;
 Each loving worth
 Your name revere.



ACROSTIC.

So lovely and sweet, with virtues complete,
 And a mind unclouded and pure,
 Regard what I write ;
 Although 'tis night,
 Had I wings I'd fly to thy door.

Proud to tell, I love thee so well,

My affections are flowing to thee.

One word more, I pray—

Observe what I say,

Next week be looking for me.

(*Of Madison County, Mississippi.*)

 VIRTUE.

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.—YOUNG.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed on her losing her Mother and only Daughter.)

Sweet sister, cease to fret and pine
About departed friends of thine ;
Remember now they brightly shine,
And sing of their Redeemer's love,
High in the realms of bliss above.

All their tears have ceased to flow,
No parting there, no death, no woe,
Nor chilling winds in heaven blow.

The Word of Life to them was sweet,
It led them to the Savior's feet ;
They lived in peace and love with all,
So long as on this earthly ball ;
We little thought their end was nigh ;
Of death they speak, and without a sigh
Rejoiced that they were born to die ;
They loved the Lord, and loved the day
He called them from the earth away.

(Of Crawford County, Arkansas.)

ACROSTIC.

Source of heat and source of light,
Upholding by thy strength and might
Numerous seas and planets bright.



ACROSTIC.

Accomplished one, most kind and free,
 No one on land, no one on sea
 Need ever hope to vie with thee.

How it thrills my heart to write
 On one so lovely and so bright;
 With a form so good and fine,
 And virtues which doth sweetly shine
 Resplendent as a heavenly ray
 Descending from the orb of day.

(Of Conway County, Arkansas.)

 SYMPATHY,

Nature has cast me in so soft a mold,
 That but to hear a story feigned for pleasure,
 Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
 And robs me of my manhood.—DRYDEN.

ACROSTIC.

Go on, go on, from strength to strength,
Enterprising, and at length
One more railroad will be done,
Ready for the cars to run.
Go on, go on, improvements make,
It is time for States to wake,
And from thee some lessons take.

ACROSTIC.

Country far renowned for gold,
And for soil, rich and new,
Lofty hills and torrents bold,
Immense streams, and branches, too,
Flow through thy hills of old.
O happy land, illustrious one,
Richest, brightest clime that be,
No land, no State beneath the sun,
In all God's wide dominion free,
Acquires wealth so fast as thee.

ACROSTIC.

Adorned with fields of cotton white,
Realm of wealth and realm of light,
Keeping step with States that be
Allied to all the brave and free.
New, yet firm and brave she stands,
Supporting those who till her lands;
And from men beyond the sea
She buys her coffee, spice and tea.



ACROSTIC.

Equaled by none of any station,
 Made up of virtues shining bright;
 Men of sense, of education,
 Acknowledge thee a shining light.

Thou are the idol of the day,
 Honored by the young and old,
 One more rich, and one more gay,
 My eyes did never yet behold;
 And yet to think that we must part,
 Sends pain and anguish to my heart.

(*Of Sunflower.*)

ACROSTIC.

Still upward gaze,
 Pour forth thy praise,
 Entreating God our land to save;
 No one we see
 Compares with thee,
 Except the noble, good and brave.
 Redeemed by love,

Continue to prove,
 Religion can the heart refine;
 Our sins subdue,
 Giving us, too,
 Essential joys for which we pine.

(*Of Memphis.*)



ZACHARY TAYLOR.

ACROSTIC.

Zealous was he to keep us all free,
 And to march us in triumph o'er the powers that be;
 Counselor and chief in the days of our grief,
 He flew to our aid, and gave us relief;
 As a true worthy son, our battles he won,
 Rushing on foes he made them all run,
 Yelling like hounds at the crack of a gun.

The glance of his eye made the Mexicans fly,
 All dreading his sword and fearing to die;
 Yet thousands withstood our General so good,
 Leaving his men to tread in the blood
 Of cowards and foes who slept in repose,
 Requiring some one their eyelids to close.

Born in Virginia, November 24, 1784. President from March 4, 1849, to his death, July 9, 1850—one year, four months and five days.

MORAL LESSON—THE TWO RIVERS.

Evil communications (associations) corrupt good manners.

The waters of the Mississippi and Missouri unite and form one river. The water of the latter is exceedingly turbid, and the former clear. When they first meet the waters refuse to mingle. The clear and muddy water flows along, forming one river; but you can clearly distinguish the one from the other. By degrees the clear, bright waters of the one become united with those of the other, and the clearness is lost forever.

THE APPLICATION.

Virtuous and vicious persons can associate for a time, keeping their characters distinct. But if the associations be continued, the virtuous, pure character will become soiled by the vicious. No one can associate freely with the wicked without becoming in some measure like them.

ACROSTIC.

Distinguished for thy skill, to save
 Our fellow-men when near the grave ;
 Cross mighty streams thy drugs to test,
 They being the purest and the best,
 Of vital strength, more prized than wealth,
 Restores the sick to perfect health.

Just such a man we love to view,
 Learn'd in Greek and Latin, too.

Continue on thy bright career,
 Our people cheering far and near,
 Loving thy friends, when near the grave,
 Exert thy skill each one to save.

(My Mother's Youngest Brother, Greensboro, N. C.)

ACROSTIC.

Composed of vapors shining bright,
 Of wondrous size, yet harmless light,
 Men view thee as a burning ball,
 Expecting soon to see thee fall
 To this low world, and kill us all.

ACROSTIC.

Luminous, most useful, most lovely to scan,
 It falls directly or obliquely on man,
 Graceful in carriage, and pleasing to behold,
 Highly prized, yea, precious as gold,
 The thing we most need to cheer us when old.

ACROSTIC.

Go on thy way,
Each day and night,
Opposing wrong,
Reflecting right,
Glittering like
Each planet bright.

How few on earth
Can vie with thee,
Light from thine eye
It flashes free,
Not only so
Thy preaching, sir,
Our inmost souls
Ne'er fails to stir.

Doctor Clinton.

Surrounded by friends
The church he attends
Each cloudy, as well as fair days,
Sweet peace there finding,
His features all shining—
Now hear him, for sinners he prays;
Then rising at once
His Bible he reads,
Obeying what Jesus commands;
May the King of the sky
Permit him to die
Shouting and clapping his hands.



ACROSTIC.

Notwithstanding the Bourbons had set a price upon his
head,

And though our hero knew it, of them he had no dread ;
Perceiving everywhere, as on he did advance,
Old veterans all desired to make him king of France ;
Like thunder peals from heaven, the people shout
around—

“Emperor, live forever, and put the Bourbons down !”
On his cheeks they printed their kisses, warm and true,
National Guards and volunteers all to his succor flew,

Because they looked upon him as on their rightful king,
Owning him as worthy—did of his victories sing ;
Not fearing but he was able to succor the distressed,
And lift the yoke of bondage from brothers sore
oppressed.

Passing on and onward, our hero shortly stands
Among the streets of Paris, with victory in his hands ;
Revived were all the people, and through the livelong
night,

Ten thousand men were saying, and that with true
delight,

“Emperor, live forever, and put thy foes to flight !

ACROSTIC.

Most lovely one,
I know of none
So learned as thee beneath the sun ;
Thine eyes are bright,
Reflecting light,
Enrapturing me with true delight ;
So do not scorn at me, forlorn,
Since on thy name I love to write.

Made for to cheer,
And wipe each tear
Rolling down from eyes most dear ;
The humble poor
Haste to thy door,
And feed upon thy bounteous store.

Pleased with worth,
Relieving dearth.
In the highest circles on the earth,
Nymphs we see
Conversing free,
Endeavoring hard to vie with thee.

(Of Sunflower County, Miss.)



ACROSTIC.

Neater by far than a fine gold ring,
 And once on a time, hearing her sing,
 Nightingales came, her presence to greet,
 Conscious that they her music could beat,
 Yet failing in this, did quickly retreat,
 Resolving no more in the land to be heard.
 Excelled at last, by a mortal endeared,
 Visions of glory all vanished away;
 Each fearing to speak, did secretly say
 She sang more sweet than an angel to-day.

(Of Carroll County, Miss.)

ACROSTIC.

Fairest one, in thee we find
 A virtuous, pure, contented mind;
 Not only learned, not only wise;
 No man of sense can fail to prize
 Your captivating, lovely eyes.
 Shedding light on all that be,
 Making men to bow to thee;
 In vain they bow, in vain they chat,
 They tell thee this, they tell thee that,
 Hear them not, but marry me.

(Of Springfield, Mo.)

PRAISE.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
 Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart;
 The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,
 The modest shun it but to make it sure.—YOUNG.

ACROSTIC.

Never fearing mortal foe,
Ever may it fastly grow,
While mighty waters by it flow.

Oppose it not. We love to see
Resplendent ladies, kind and free,
Looking on its charms with glee ;
Each one on it due praise bestow,
And we feel 'tis bound to grow.
Never fearing foes to face,
Soon distant towns it will embrace.

ACROSTIC.

Surpassing in beauty, thy daughters are fair,
Prudent and worthy of praises they are ;
Resplendent, industrious, in truth we can trace
In the eye of each lady, true worth and true grace,
No groggeries, no drunkards in thee can be found,
Gladness and joy thy limits surround ;
From hour to hour, from morning to night,
In thee can we hear true songs of delight,
Enrapturing our hearts, endearing thy name ;
Lead then us on to riches and fame,
Denouncing all crime till the exit of time.

(*Missouri.*)



ACROSTIC.

Never falter, never tire,
Ever faithful horse to me;
We are traveling, traveling fastly,
Soon in sight of home to be.

ACROSTIC.

Jesus Christ, the truth, the way,
On Him trust from day to day;
Harmless, blameless, strive to be,
Nor fear to own He died for thee.

ACROSTIC.

We grieve that we thy scourges see,
And, supplicating, ask of thee,
Relentless monster, from us flee.

(Composed in 1864.)

ACROSTIC.

Men sing of thy graces, and drink to thy health,
Renowned for thy beauty, thy wisdom and wealth,
Scarce know we one mortal so good as thyself.
Could we be permitted thy worth to proclaim,
Our hills and our valleys would ring with thy name,
Loud sounding, like thunder, extending thy fame,
And waking from slumber all mortals around,
Completely enchanting the learned and profound;
Knowing thy merits, thy praises would sound,
Loving most justly such perfection to view,
Interesting our hearts, with equals but few,
Ne'er swerving, while living, thy pleasures pursue.

ACROSTIC.

My niece most kind, for bliss designed,
As one of sense, improve thy mind;
Respecting, too, each mortal true,
Yield not to sin, like others do.
Eschewing wrong, be firm and strong,
Craving knowledge, now march along,
And gladly sing, to Christ I cling,
Maker of earth and every thing.
Proud would I be thy face to see,
Because thou art so dear to me;
Each hour, each day, for thee I pray.
Loving the right, with death in sight,
Let us for realms of glory fight.

(Of Crawford Co., Arkansas.)

ACROSTIC.

My song and praise shall be of one
Among the greatest mortals, who,
Regarding us when struggling hard,
Quickly to our succor flew.

Undesigning in all he done,
Intrepid, wise and generous man,
Soon for himself bright laurels won.

Disinterested here he came
Equipped with armor shining bright,

Leading forth his soldiers, who,
At his expense, came here to fight.
For us he fought, was wounded, too,
And for our cause did suffer pain ;
Yet, soon as he recovered strength,
Enlisted in the war again.

The sun and moon will first grow dim,
The concave melt, the planets fall,
E'er men will cease to reverence him.

A Major-General in the American army, is justly celebrated for leaving an immense estate, the best of friends, and, above all, a beloved wife, to fight the battles of a strange people in a far-off country. This generous act will render his name immortal. He was born in France, September, 1757, and died at Lagrange, in 1830, and now lies buried in France, near Paris, sleeping between his heroic wife and beloved daughter.

MORAL LESSON—REASON FOR SINGULARITY.

A celebrated old general used to dress in a fantastic manner, by way of making himself better known. It is true, people would say—"Who is that old fool?" but it is also true that the answer was, "That is the famous General ———, who took such or such a place.



ACROSTIC.

Juggling old men we hate to see,
And such a man should never be
Made for to rule the brave and free.
Evil-minded, most greedy, too,
See how he spends the revenue.

Base-hearted, mean, intriguing, sly,
Unfit to live, unfit to die,
Corrupted by a Northern band,
Hating the South our native land—
A curse to all, to child and sire—
No one should such a fame desire.
All the prayers of this whole nation
Need now be made for his salvation.

(Composed just before he left the White House, 1861.)



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

ACROSTIC.

Commissioned by the king of Spain,
He did a fleet of ships prepare ;
Rejoicing, westward he set sail
In search of land he knew not where.
Some asserted he would find
The ocean deep, a boundless main ;
Others, by sailing west it would
Prevent his coming back again.
Hopeful still he kept his course,
Ere long our glorious land he sees,
Rich, and covered o'er with trees.

Confirmed in what he thought was true,
Our lovely land he bids farewell ;
Leaving this with joy he went
Unto his own the news to tell.
Men soon flocked here from every clime,
Both young and old, the rich and poor,
Until we see this happy land
Scattered now with cities o'er.

Christopher Columbus was a native of Genoa, and died at Valladolid, in the year 1506, being about seventy years old. But this great man was unjustly deprived of the honor of giving his name to this continent by Americus Vesputius, a native of Florence, who claimed the honor of being the first discoverer of the main land.

ACROSTIC.

No State more free from debt than she ;
 O, could the proud her farms but see !
 Rich farms of tar, rich farms of pitch—
 They would, methinks, pronounce her rich.
 Her bottom-land is very good,

Covered with the best of wood,
 And will produce, when cleared away,
 Rich crops of wheat, rich crops of hay,
 Oats, too, and corn, tobacco and rye
 Leap like tall trees, and seek the sky ;
 Inviting us to go and view
 Not only men, but women true,
 At work in corn and cotton, too.

ACROSTIC.

Virginia ! Virginia ! I love thee so well !
 In youth o'er thy hills and thy streams did I roam ;
 Resplendent with cities, in thee could I dwell,
 Glad, glad would I leave thee, my fair sunny home.
 It was on thy soil that my parents first gazed,
 Near Banister river, not far from its mouth ;
 Industrious, their children to labor they raised,
 And, hoping to enrich us, they moved to the South.

DEAR MISS.

Thou art by far more dear to me
 Than all the gold and gems that be,
 Whether on land or on the sea
 There's none that can compare with thee.

Thou art my own true heart's delight,
 Of thee I think both day and night,
 And this I deem but just and right
 Since I can live but in thy light.

ACROSTIC.

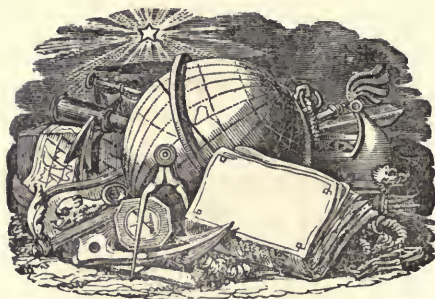
Sweet is the breath of morn when we arise ;
Unspeakably sweet to look upon
So wondrous a work as the lucid skies ;
And a creature formed like thee, bright one,
No living man can fail to prize.

Aurora gilds the morn with light—

'Tis her's to drive all gloom away,
Each one behold her charms and might,
Resplendent goddess of the day,
Round earth she drives her chariot bright,
Yet not of her, of thee we write.

ACROSTIC.

Annie, sweet Annie, it ne'er was my lot
'Neath the blue bending skies, in palace or cot,
'Neath the tropical sun or the snow-covered crest,
In the Orient East, or the beauty-famed West,
E'er to meet, e'en in dreams, with an angelic face,
Enshrined in a form that an houri would grace ;
Combined in one being, virtue, gentleness, love,
Refining the circle in which she might move,
Enhancing, exalting, enriching with good,
Ne'er till now in such presence enrapt have I stood.
Still long have I hoped such a lady to meet—
Have fondly believed such a being I'd greet ;
And now, having found her, I fain at thy shrine
Would kneel, worship, idolize, beauty like thine.



ACROSTIC.

Exploring all its beauties, I never can its Author
 doubt,
 As fancy flies from pole to pole, and the eye looks
 round about,
 Reflecting on its wondrous size, remembering all I
 see,
 The blessed Lord from nothing spake ; and for a worm
 like me
 He left his shining home above, and died upon a tree.

ACROSTIC.

With firmness and with holy fear,
 In the work of Christ engage,
 Let nothing ever thee deter,
 Loud although the tempest rage
 In deep retirement God is nigh,
 And in the gloom of night
 Man may on his grace rely,
 Benignity, truth and might ;
 Ever, then, adore his name,
 Let sinners scoff, the world defame,
 Let heaven be thy only aim.
 (*Of Virginia.*)



ACROSTIC.

Clatter, clatter, here they come,
A wondrous source of power,
Running at a rapid rate,
Some thirty miles per hour.

ACROSTIC.

All cases of headache 'twill cure at a touch,
Men and dear ladies can't praise it too much;
Because 'tis marvelous and cheering to read,
Respecting its power to cure with such speed.
Old sores, sore throats and dyspepsia it cures,
Sprains, and all cuts, wherever it goes;
It cures the bronchitis, it cures the sore eyes,
And it cures the diarrhea, as no one denies;
Langour of spirits 'twill remove in a day,

One dose will do it—no cure no pay,
It cures all bites, for which you should buy it;
Ladies and gents afflicted, now try it.

ACROSTIC.

Enchanting men with smiles so free,
Look now on one, to love a slave ;
Let me but thy admirer be,
Each day to speak in praise of thee—
No greater boon than this I crave.

For though renowned, I do not seek,
Lady, to win that heart of thine ;
Of worth alone I wish to speak ;
Regarding thee with pure design,
I view thee as too good and meek,
Notwithstanding sometimes I rhyme,
Ever to take this hand of mine.

But still for all, I thee admire,
On thee would gaze both day and night,
Unerring tune thy golden lyre,
Repeat those songs which give delight.
Lady, I feel a holy fire
Always when dwelling in thy sight,
Nor would I here more wealth desire,
Did I possess a gem so bright.

ACROSTIC.

Blushing now with the tint of health,
Sing on God's praises free ;
Bless'd with that grace, more prized than wealth,
Each sinful pleasure flee ;
Looking above, and like myself,
Long with the Lord to be.



ACROSTIC.

Boundless source of information—
 Information for the blind,
 Bringing words of consolation,
 Life and peace to soothe the mind
 Exposed to grief of every kind.

ACROSTIC.

Newly settled,
 Enriched with fountains,
 Bounded by
 Rough hills and mountains,
 And some of them,
 So very high,
 Kiss every cloud
 As passing by.

ACROSTIC.

Staunch advocate of principle and right,
 Of hazard her sons did never once think,
 Upheld by justice, the first in the fight,
 The base procedure of treacherous Old Link,
 Her people could see before you can wink.

Courageous they made them batteries of wood,
 And to their foes their banners unfurled,
 Resolving to conquer or pour out their blood,
 Over the fort they cannon balls hurled,
 Leaving impressions wherever they struck,
 Igniting Old Sumpter, the flames rose high,
 Now glory to her sons, we admire their pluck,
 And all who do the Yankees defy.

(Composed 1862.)

ACROSTIC.

Enrich'd, refin'd, with brilliant mind,
 Love we to sing of one so kind,
 In whom we do perfection view.
 Zealous in works, most learn'd and true,
 Alluring to right, ye sons of might,
 Behold in her all graces bright.
 Enchanted by her piercing eye,
 The good, the wise, the great and high
 Her name should love while ages fly.

How few on earth possess such worth,

Discreet and wise, of noble birth ;
 All that is true in her we view,
 Made up of charms and graces, too,
 Each hour, each day, she goes to pray,
 Receiving strength to cheer her way ;
 On glory bent, with good inten
 Ne'er was a soul to ruin sent.



ACROSTIC.

They teach us by example bright,
 Heaven-born, religious light,
 Enables men to act upright.

Learned and skilled in every thing,
 And when I hear them sweetly sing,
 Delight doth fill my heart;
 I seem as in a trance to be,
 Etherial joys encompass me;
 Soon time arrives, for home I start—

One lovelier than the rest I see,
 From her I hate to part;

Still from her I'm forced to go,
 Plodding all the country o'er,
 Remembering that I am so poor
 It is not wise to tarry;
 Now could the lady read my heart,
 Glance at it before I start,
 From her I fain would never part;
 I think she then would marry
 Even one as poor as me.
 Loveliest thing on land or sea,
 Despise me not—farewell to thee.

My rhyme is done, I soar, I rise,
 On wings to meet thee in the skies.



CAPITOL OF TENNESSEE.

ACROSTIC.

Noted afar as the city of rocks,
 And heroes brave and ladies fair,
 She sits enthroned on her cliff, and mocks
 Her envious rivals everywhere.
 View all her noble works of art—
 Increasing. Wealth on every hand;
 Lawyers, statesmen, schools and mart,
 Little to blame and much to praise,
 E'en here, if rich, would I spend my days.

(Population, 50,000.)

ACROSTIC.

(Composed in 1860.)

While looking at thee such grandeur I see,
 As beggars description from a mortal like me;
 So enchanting thy charms, and free from alarms,
 Here fain would I live secure in thine arms.
 I read of thy name as connected with fame,
 Not forgetting from whence thy Father he came;
 Great, glorious and free, here his image I see,
 'Tis chiseled in stone, immortal to be;
 On his virtues to dwell makes my bosom now swell,
 Ne'er hoping, yet trying all his merits to tell.

Could I live through all time on a subject sublime,
 It would give me true joy, methinks, could I rhyme;
 Though Time in its flight his image may blight,
 Yet his name it will live while the stars give us light.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed in 1860.)

Threatened by foes on land and sea,
 Heeding not the powers that be,
 Our fathers, struggling to be free,
 Made us renowned, by giving thee
 A pen to write a Declaration,
 Scorning chains and degradation,

Just in time to save a nation,
 Expressing worth by demonstration;
 Flinching not, with pen in hand,
 For us so boldly took thy stand,
 Elevated by command,
 Rolled the ink to save our land.
 So long as stars and stripes shall wave
 O'er this land of the *fair and brave*,
 Nations will respect thy grave.

Third President of the United States. Born in Virginia, April 13, 1743. President from 1801 to 1809—eight years. Died July 4th, 1826.



ANDREW JOHNSON.

ACROSTIC.

All honest men from sea to sea,
 Now view thy course with true delight,
 Depending on thy counsels we
 Regard thee, sir, as clothed with might :
 Each praying God to give to thee
 Wisdom to guide our people right.

Justly, oh, then thy power extend,
 Opposing wrong of ev'ry kind,
 Hold to the right, each State defend,
 North and the South together bind ;
 Secession rose but had an end,
 Overpowered, as was designed,
 No more an advocate to find.

Seventeenth President of the United States. Born in North Carolina, December 29, 1808. Succeeded to the Presidency on the assassination of Abe Lincoln, April 14, 1865.

 PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

We love thy flowing words to hear,
 In accents soft, in accents clear,
 Like balm they fall upon the ear,
 Making us all to persevere.

Then proudly, sir, thy course pursue,
 A learned man with much to do,
 All honors bright, with riches, too,
 Reward thee for thy conduct true.

(Composed on seeing him start off for the war, 1862.)

ACROSTIC.

Discussing subjects most important, and the road before
him viewing,

On his road to the battle-field to save our glorious South
from ruin,

Charming us all now looking at him, mounted on his
horse so high,

The Yankees they had better scatter, if they do not
want to die

On the gory field of battle, for should he meet the
treacherous horde,

Rushing upon them he will slay them with his keen
and glittering sword.

Just view him with such noble soldiers, onward to
Virginia going,

And a more brave and skillful leader never lived
among the knowing.

Armed with the newest and best repeaters, and the
strongest arm we know,

Possessing power and skill to use it, clear the way each
Northern foe.

Please go with him to the battle-field, see him when
there mid smoke and fires,

Laboring hard to perpetuate that freedom bought by
sainted sires.

Every man should laud his virtues, conscious he is act-
ing right,

We should follow him with gladness, and praise him,
too, when we see him fight;

His eyes they flash, his sword is drawn, and the Yan-
kees are falling near him,

Insidious foes, though they be strong, they need not
hope to scare him ;

Though bullets fall thick on every hand he does not
think of dying,

Exulting, see his sword now wave, while the Yankees
they are flying.

The nearest to nothing I ever saw between two covers.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Invocation, addressed to the South.....	3
Likeness of Robert Blackwell.....	4
Robert Blackwell.....	5
General R. E. Lee.....	6
The Ladies of Canton.....	7
Ladies of the South.....	7
Strike for Freedom.....	8
The Ladies of Jackson.....	8
Jefferson Davis.....	9
C. Adams.....	10
John C. Breckinridge.....	10
Love.....	11
St. Louis.....	11
Thomas W. Steele.....	12
The Black Republicans.....	12
Death.....	13
Stonewall Jackson.....	13
Radicals.....	14
William G. Brownlow.....	14
Confederacy.....	15
The Democrats.....	15
Richmond.....	15
Poetry—Miss Harriet T.....	16
Poetry—On Smoking and Dipping.....	17
Poetry—The Yankees.....	18, 19
Jesus.....	20
Poetry—My Country.....	21
Poetry—On Seeing Mrs. Surratt Hung.....	21, 22
Mary T. Blackwell.....	23, 24
General James Yell.....	25
John C. Calhoun.....	25
My Mother—Elizabeth P. Blackwell.....	26
Sallie A. Jennings.....	27
The Atlantic Cable.....	28
John L. Blackwell.....	29

	PAGE.
The Two Oddities.....	30
Isaac Shellie.....	31
Thomas Dick Bourland.....	31
Almighty God.....	32
Micajah Blackwell.....	32
General James Longstreet.....	33
William V. Moon.....	34
Mister Hume.....	34
Mary.....	35
S. R. Childs.....	35
John Bell.....	36
Miss Mary Hannah Thomas.....	36
Martin Van Buren.....	37
Likeness of Logan D. Dameron.....	38
Eddie.....	39
Logan D. Dameron.....	39
Marriage.....	40
Laura Isabel Bragg.....	41
Revelries.....	42
Whisky.....	42
Charles Cosgrove.....	43
The Ladies at the Chalybeate Acid Spring.....	44
Stars.....	45
The Chase.....	45
Picture of Jerusalem.....	46
Fame.....	47
Atlanta.....	47
Jerusalem.....	47
Phil Chew.....	48
Honorable Daniel Webster.....	48
Brandy.....	49
Rum.....	49
Likeness of John Quincy Adams.....	50
President John Quincy Adams.....	51
Likeness of Andrew Jackson.....	52
General Andrew Jackson.....	53
Likeness of James K. Polk.....	54

	PAGE.
James K. Polk.....	55
Take Warning.....	56
Doctor W. A. Cheatham.....	56
Maggie C. Fox.....	57
Hope.....	57
Mist.....	58
Doctor Isaac N. Cole.....	58
Augusta.....	59
Tea.....	59
Maryland.....	60
Ruth.....	60
Mary Serena Dameron.....	61
George Knapp.....	61
Elizabeth Dean.....	62
Delaware.....	63
The Selfish.....	63
Washington Crossing the Delaware.....	64
George Washington.....	65
Sons of Tennessee.....	66
Tennessee.....	66
S. A. Douglas.....	67
Rev. T. M. Finney.....	68
Honorable Henry Clay.....	68
Virtue.....	69
Sarah P. Moon.....	69
Sun.....	70
Sarah Ann Titsworth.....	70
Sympathy.....	71
Ann Howard.....	71
Arkansas.....	72
California.....	72
Georgia.....	72
Spencer Oroe.....	73
Emma Thomas.....	73
Likeness of Zachary Taylor.....	74
Moral—The Two Rivers and Application.....	75
Zachary Taylor.....	75

	PAGE.
Light.....	76
Comet.....	76
Doctor J. L. Cole.....	76
George H. Clinton.....	77
Napoleon Bonaparte.....	78
Mistress Martha Prince.....	79
Fanny Smith.....	80
Nancy Reves.....	80
Springfield.....	81
New Orleans.....	81
War.....	82
John.....	82
News.....	82
Mary E. Campbell.....	83
Mrs. Col. Aeklin.....	83
Marquis De Lafayette.....	84
James Buchanan.....	85
Likeness of Christopher Columbus.....	86
Christopher Columbus.....	87
Dear Miss.....	88
Virginia.....	88
North Carolina.....	88
Annie E. Crenshaw.....	89
Susan A. Terry.....	89
William Bell.....	90
Earth.....	90
Ambrosial Oil.....	91
Cars.....	91
B. S. Bell.....	92
Ellen Florinne Bourland.....	92
Nebraska.....	93
Bible.....	93
South Carolina.....	94
Elizabeth H. Dameron.....	94
The Ladies of Springfield, Mo.....	95
Nashville.....	96
Washington City.....	97
Thomas Jefferson.....	97
Likeness of Andrew Johnson.....	98
Andrew Johnson.....	99
Doctor J. A. Applewhite.....	100

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9—15m-10,'48(B1039)444

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 240 566 8

E179
B56o

